A

GARLAND;

CONSISTING OF A

Variety of New Songs.

VIZ.

I. TAM GLEN.
II. NONE CAN LOVE LIKE AN IRISHMAN.
III. FAREWEL THOU STREAM.
IV. WANDERING MARY.
V. THE NEGRO'S SOLILOQUY.

CARLISLE:
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TAM GLEN.

My heart is a-breaking dear tittie,
Some counsel unto me come len';
To anger them a' is a pity,
But what maun I do wi' Tam Glen?
I'm thinking, wi' sic a braw fallow,
In poortith I might make a fen;
What care I in riches to wallow,
If I manna marry Tam Glen?

There's Lowrie, the laird o' Drummiller,
Gude day to you, brute, he comes ben,
He brags and he blaws o' his siller,
But when will he dance like Tam Glen?
My minnie does constantly deave me,
And bids me beware o' young men;
They flatter, she says to deceive me,
But wha can think sae o' Tam Glen?

My daddy says, gin I'll forsake him,
He'll gie me gude hunder marks ten:
But if it's ordain'd I maun tak him,
O wha will I get but Tam Glen?

Yestreen at the valentines dealin,
My heart to my mou' gied a sten,
For thrice I drew ane without failin,
And thrice it was written, Tam Glen.

The last Hallowe'en I was waukin
My droukit sark-sleeve, as ye ken,
His likeness came up the house staukin,
And the very grey breeks o' Tam Glen.
Come counsel, dear tittie, don't tarry;
I'll gie you my bonny black hen,
Gin ye will advise me to marry
The lad I loe dearly, Tam Glen.

None can love like an Irishman.

THE turban'd Turk, who scorns the world,
May strut about with whiskers curl'd,
Keep a hundred wives under lock and key,
For nobody else but himself to see;
Yet long may he prad with his Alcoran
Before he can love like an Irishman,
Like an Irishman, &c.

The gay Monsieur from Gallia's shore,
The haughty Don, and the soft Signor,
The Dutch Mynheeer so full of pride.
The Russian, Prussian, Swede beside,
The all may do whatever they can,
Before they can love like an Irishman,
Like an Irishman, &c.

The finikin fops themselves beguile,
And think they please in a capital stile,
Yet let them ask, as they roll the street
Of any young virgin they happen to mee
And I know she'll say from behind her fa
That there's none can love like an Irishma
Like an Irishman. &c.

Farewel thou Stream.

FAREWEL thou stream that winding flo
Around Eliza's dwelling!
O mem'ry! spare the cruel throes
Within my bosom swelling:

Condemn'd to drag a hopeless chain,
And yet in secret languish,
To feel a fire in ev'ry vein,
Nor dare disclose my anguish.

Love's veriest wretch, unseen unknown,
I fain my griefs would cover:
The bursting sigh, th' unweeting groan,
Betray the hapless lover.
I know thou doom'st me to despair,
Nor wilt, nor canst relieve me;
But oh, Eliza, hear one prayer,
For pity's sake forgive me!

The music of thy voice I heard,
Nor wist while it enslav'd me;
I saw thine eyes, yet nothing fear'd,
Till fears no more had sav'd me.
Th' unwary sailor thus aghast,
The wheeling torrent viewing,
'Mid circling horrors sinks at last
In overwhelming ruin.

WANDERING MARY.

BLEAK blows the storm upon this breast,
Whose guest is life-consuming sorrow;
Oh! lead me to some place of rest,
Where I may slumber till to-morrow.

You view my face--it once was fair--
At least so said my charming Harry;
But he is gone, and black despair
Is now the lot of Wand'ring Mary!

Bright shone our blithsome bridal hour,
Love shook his wings with pleasures beaming;
But soon he left our little bower,
While I of bliss was fondly dreaming.

A soldier's coat allur'd my love--
I wept--I kneel'd--he would not tarry;--
I pray'd him by the Pow'rs above
Not to desert his faithful Mary.

Alas! how shall I speak the rest?
The grief that's in my bosom burning?
The cold clay wraps his bleeding breast,
And can you blame his Mary's mourning!

Nor house, nor home, nor friend have I,
Except this babe, my pledge of Harry;
And famine dims his infant eye,
That us'd to glad the mournful Mary.

No thief am I as some alledge,
Though sore have cold & hunger tried me;
I pluck the berry from the hedge,
When human aid is oft denied me.

But hush, my babe, though large the load
Of woes that we are doom'd to carry!
Within some cold grave's bleak abode
You'll sweetly sleep with Wand'ring
Mary!

THE NEGRO'S SOLILOQUY.

Upon bright streamers in the sky,
Which glimmer on the sea;

The chearing sun approaches nigh,
Yet brings no hope to me.
The peaceful night yields me no rest,
Which gives to others sleep;
My heart it bleeds within my breast,
My eyes do nought but weep.

The toils I cou'd endure of day,
Or spurn the tyrant's chain,
But Norah's driven far away,
Which racks my tortur'd brain;
My wife is she,---ah, cruel heart!
That cou'd her heart oppress;
But 'tis alone the tyrant's part,
To triumph o'er distress.

Haste, blessed tidings! haste along,
From fair Britannia's isle,
Ah, come and ease the anxious throng,
And make the slave to smile;
If then good hap, my Norah lives,
These limbs shall ne'er have rest,
Until we meet, oh, then I'll cleave.
For ever to her breast.

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FINIS.

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